FENCE

NUMBER SIX

FALL 2THOUSAND

GOLD? SILVER?

BOLLOCKS!

...the rest of Roanoke Speaks out:

PRESENTING

THE FENCE AWARDS

FREE, yo.

Plus:

W. Trexell

Ralph Nader

Ian Little

and a bit of

Fetish Piercing

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Consternation. Demarcation. Noise Pollution.

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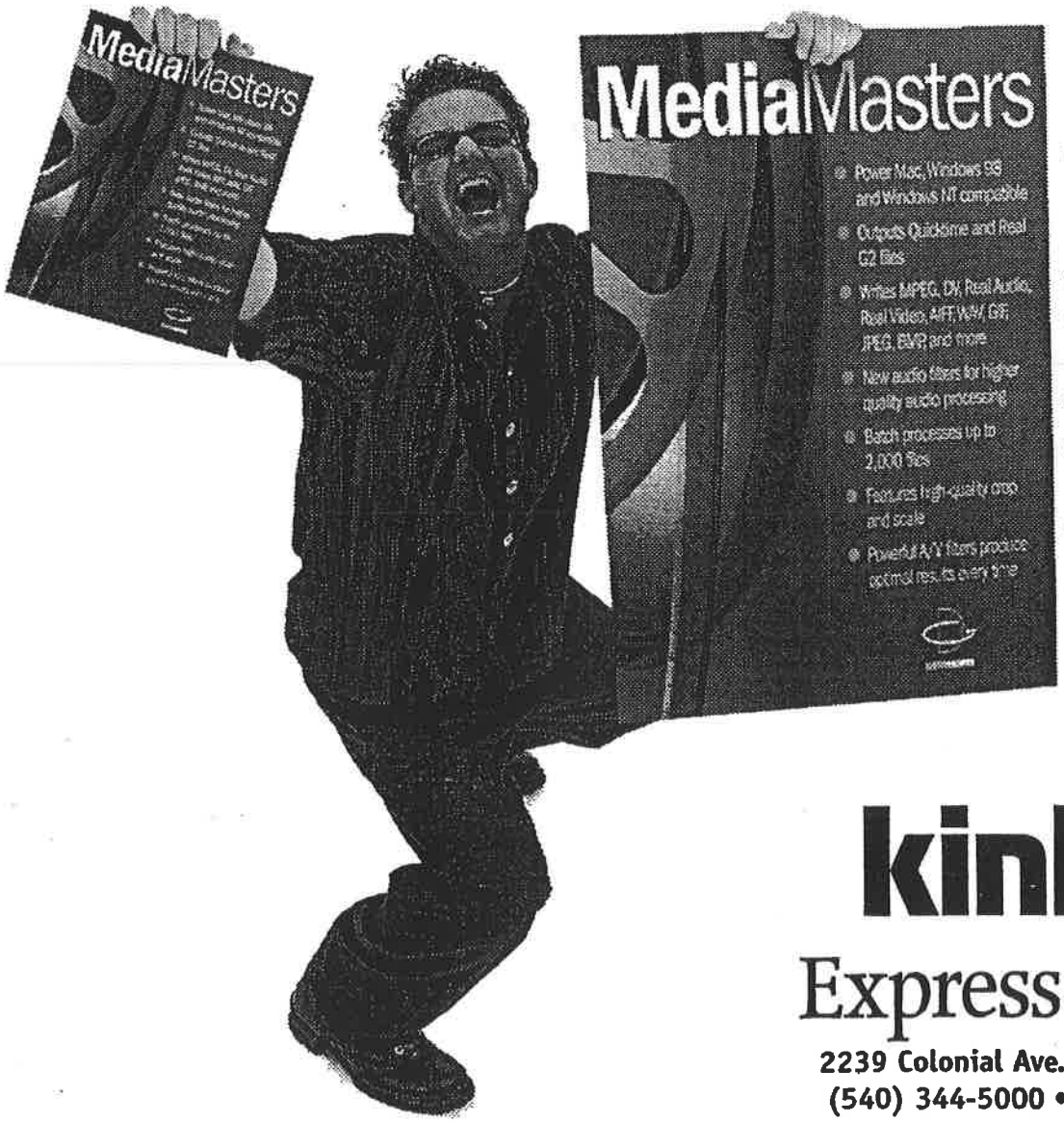
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H E A D

ARSE IMITATES LIFE

BY WILE E. PEYOTE

SOUNDTRACK BY FIREHOSE

Last issue, we caught some flack about how one of our articles painted local FM station z101 in a rather unfavorable light. Let me say this about that: In the article, the writer was lamenting the current state of 'Modern Rock Radio'. Z101 is the only 'Modern Rock Radio" in the area, so yes, it was used in example. Actually reading the article would uncover a point that the writer was making concerning the acrid wasteland that FM radio has become because there is no creativity in musical selections anymore because people who sell music instead of people who listen to music are in control of said airwaves. Nowhere in the article, or in the magazine did it, nor has it ever said "Z101 sucks". At all. I listen to Z101. We all do. It truely is our 'alternative' to classic rock or country on the FM. I also listen to classic rock and country. I like Don, he's a friggin hoot. I call up Joel every now and then jus t'chat, and i know fer a fact that Greg has better musical taste than what he plugs in to the machine. And Ruthy? Holy shit! We know he belongs here, what took him so long?
... but it is a business, after all.

I called Z101 after the issue had been on the stands for a while, and even offered them their own space in FENCE to say whatever they felt like they needed or wanted (for free). The response? I quote "No way. Fuck that. I don't have time for that. and you tell whoever wrote that that he's a little puss. And if you won't tell me who he is, you're a puss, too." Ahem. So I tried again, on a later shift, and got Don, who sounded a bit disappointed, but jumped right in with the facts: Radio is a business.

After talking to Joel a few more times, i just got more of the same High School Crap, but I did get the impression that they that we were just picking on them. As we were assembling FENCE, i decided that i would use my space to defend the Zjocks. Why? Because Z101 would completely rock if the jocks there had the freedom to make their own picks for their shows, but they don't. Ruthy could reintroduce the idea of a morning show to the valley, and Joel knows his 80's like he walked outta a John Hughes Movie. Don? Shit. I think the beginning would be that sixty thousand or so people would suddenly discover who Milo is. I don't know Rich, but if you listen to what Frazier & Buzz do with the Rubber Room at ROV, you can get an idea of what a PM slot is about. Also, i actually felt bad about Joel's mention in the Awards... that is until i tuned in just yesterday to hear him not only talk about his crotch and how cool he is, but also about his crotch while dissing a complete stranger and his professional rival in the same breath.

So. The offer still stands. FENCE is a Roanoke thing, after all.
The playground doesn't have to
be this small.

THERE TO HERE: W Trexell

by Wile E. Peyote

Walter Trexell has a good buzz.
Even so, I have to trot to catch up with him as he heads up Salem Ave.
After I manage to get his attention, he stops long enough to fish out a cigarette and agree to pass along a tape of his stuff so that I might get a better idea of his sound. "It ain't a lot" he mumbles, but Bourbon is a language I'm quite fluent in. "Got kind of a demo, and some live stuff. Y'know, like this" he continues, motioning with his cigarette back to Chilli Pepper's, behind us. Open Mic was breaking down and the lights were coming up.
'Like This' was my first exposure to Walter, or as I had seen on the flyers "W. Trexell". Another example of the unpolished gems in the Roanoke Open Mic Scene, Trexell is kinda gangly, with a face that's hard, but not mean, rough but not ugly. Perfectly matched to his guitar and voice.
Cut from the Cloth of the Black Crowes, Trexell leans into his songs, churning on the chords, stepping back in the Page Pose for picking out the solos, and squinting his way back to the mic for more pea-gravel vocalesse. The guitar hangs like a shirt, and the whole stage is his closet to root around in for treasures... or places to hide.
But how does it sound?
I didn't get a chance to listen to the tape until three weeks had passed, and my memory and the tape were closer than cousins, but not quite brothers.
Regardless, I had arrived at this Open Mic session to imbibe, not entertain, so it was well past beer-thirty. Initial reaction was that I had made a horrible mistake, but only 'cos some Ricky Martin lookin' fool was hard at his Simon LeBon does Tom Waits routine. Needless to say my first impressions of the scene that night weren't much. So when a yell to the back of the bar for "Walter, you bastard!" to come take his turn, I was ready for anything, especially another drink. When this fun-house mirror version of Mike Watt ambled to the stage, I was expecting a flock of Aerosmith and Metallica riffs, mebbe some Ozzy all flannelled-up. It was halfway through my snakebite and all the way to the chorus that I recognized the Chris Whitley song. Then I started paying attention.
Trexell rolled though a few other songs that evening, the names of which were either unknown, or fatefully attached to the brain cells assigned to my drink. At various times, others took the stage with him on bass or even a couple of abortive drum attempts, but he motored on with them or without them, it just didn't seem to matter a whole hell of a lot.
Eventually, it was time for all of us to be cut free. As he set aside his guitar and hit the door. I thought it might be worth a damn to at least introduce myself. That's where the article started...

"Yeah" he said, doing that peculiar head twist that smokers do after they've just lit up, and the first drafts head for their eyes. "I'll get you some stuff. And if you like it, great. And if you think it sucks, oh well. You can write that. Just be honest."
I told him that was quite a bit of trust to place in a man named for a ritual hallucinogen.

"Yeah" he said, ear still pointed at the sky.

Trexell has that same gravel-in-the-milkshake voice that trademarks singers from Janis to Wieland. And that's a good thing. The blues, they call it, but these days it's less screeching slide guitar Mississippi blues, and less Chicago warm electric. It's got the drawl of a lazy Texas afternoon, the whine of North Carolina fog, and the unafraid wild eyes of West Virginia. What Trexell does is Americana, if you have to label it. His originals are low & sweet, with the patter of Dwight Yoakum and the inflection of *Jayhawk* Mark Olsen. The music itself is a curious fusion of *Days of the New* and *Whiskeytown*, heavily leaning on acoustic guitar, but with warm, noodling Weir-esque solos. Mixed in evenly is Trexell's voice, a bit less smooth in the live show than on the tape, but you'll have that. Outstanding covers that I picked up on include the aforementioned *Chris Whitley*, as well as *the Beatles* ("Dear Prudence", sounding like the out-side -the-bedroom-window-lullaby we all first mistake it for...), and a briliant re-tooling of *Terrance Trent D'Arby*'s "Wishing Well".
It does not suck.
On the live tape, there's mentions of a CD, and I know damn well that I've seen flyers for shows (not just open mic shows). Unfortunately, the contact number I have for Trexell rings up some chump named Mike instead, who would rather sit at home with his Playstation, apparently. So if you want more info, you'll have to ask Trexell himself. And I'll bet you can find him at Open Mic.

ROANOKE GRASSROOTS ARTS IN THE PARK FESTIVAL

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Roanoke's Plowshare Peace & Justice Center is hosting a free community festival Saturday the 23rd of September. Music, dance, poetry, & theatre "By The People". Artists, Activists and community groups are invited to set up displays & performances.

- *Participatory Mural & Sculpture Project*
- *Hollins Dance Project Performance*
- *T'ai Chi & Yoga Demos*
- *Children's Area & Parade at 5pm*
- *Deforestation Tragicomedy*
- *Community Service Booths*
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Sharon Feury & The Vibrators

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Vote for the Future

Know that in January 2001 Al Gore or George W. Bush will be backing a Ryder truck up to 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. Nothing will change that. Not that it really matters – they are different brands of the same poison. If another party doesn't step up, you'll be voting for a shadow of one of these guys for a long time.

If you can look at yourself in the mirror and say, "Al Gore/ George W. Bush will make a positive change in this country and he deserves my vote," then stop reading. And nothing will change if you vote for one to keep the other out. There are legions of weak politicians right behind both of them, and they'll show up in 2004, 2008, 2012 (you get the idea).

A 1999 Gallup poll claimed that 38% of Americans are neither Republican nor Democrat, so we all know you're out there. Casting a vote for the "lesser of two evils" is a thing of the past. It's time to think about voting for the future. This, of course, will involve changing how we think and how we vote, and Gore/Bush haven't the penchant or the backing to do either. They absorb most of the attention (and votes) tossing around sound bytes that are echoes of each other. As it is with Gore/Bush, as it was with Clinton/Bush, it will be again, unless there is a party with fresh ideas and a new voice.

Enter the Green Party and their presidential nominee, Ralph Nader (see also next page). If this party were given the same chance, if the mainstream media and the American political system recognized them as they do any Republican or Democratic candidate, then things would start to change. The Green Party might not win, but they would force to the surface important issues that are typically ignored in favor of the helium-filled (albeit important) buzz-topics we've been beaten with for years: the vague directions for education, the always controversial issue of abortion, the pathetic squabbling over taxes, and the misguided failure that is the drug war.

But, you ask, what does "given the same chance" mean? The Federal Government funds the Republicans and Democrats, who are recognized as 'real' political parties. In order to receive recognition, a political party must win 5% of the national vote. It is then eligible for up to 12 million dollars of federal funding. Nader and the Greens spent $5000 on his 1996 presidential campaign and came in fourth. He was on the ballot in only 22 states. As of this issue of Fence, he is on 37 states' ballots (including Virginia's), and if he and vice-presidential candidate Winona Laduke can muster the 5%, they will have given this country a new party with a chance. Imagine, in four years' time you could actually vote for someone you believed in. Now that's change. Don't believe the rhetoric peddled by the media and the two major parties – voting for a third party is not a wasted vote, it's a strategic attempt to better this screwed up system.

Register and Vote!

The latest you can register to vote is October 10, so if you haven't registered yet – what the hell is wrong with you? It's a state law that you're registered at least 30 days before voting. Here's some places you can get mail-in applications, plus details of how to register on-line.

Get mail-in applications from:
- County election office (see below)
- Division of Motor Vehicles offices
- AFDC offices
- Medicaid offices
- Food stamp offices
- WIC benefits offices
- Agencies that support the disabled
- Safe As Milk Records

Get on-line and register at:
http://www.fec.gov/votregis/vr.htm

Or visit your friendly neighborhood Registrar's Office at:
215 Church Ave, Roanoke, VA 24005
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Fax: (540) 853-1025
Hours: M-F 8:00-5:00
E-mail: registra@ci.roanoke.va.us

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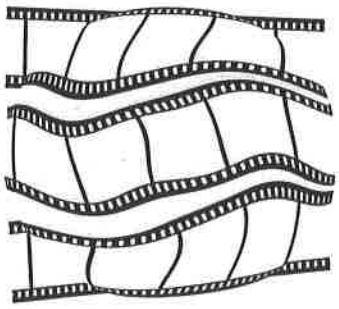


Seven Things You Didn't Know about Roanoke Film-Maker Ian Little

Ian was featured in a recent issue of Fence, which covered the premiere of his most recent film, "The Girl and the Gun". His current project, a metaphysical jaunt with a rock'n'roll backdrop, which is tentatively entitled "Avenging Angel 69", is set for release some time around Christmas.

ONE
He's named after folk singer Ian Tyson (his parents were folk-singing group The Wynnesdowne Scops).

TWO
He changed his entire attitude and outlook on life after hearing "Bad Music for Bad People" by the Cramps.

THREE
His Hollywood-type employment consisted of making 47 peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for child extras on a bad Sissy Spacek movie.

FOUR
He once taught an informal art class for senior citizens. "Some of the finished works are incredibly good," he says, "and it's the best-looking thing on my resume."

FIVE
He once tried telemarketing – selling pizzas for a local high school while pretending to be a student ("I don't put that on the resume.")

SIX
He lives in the backwoods of Fincastle, which he describes as "an isolation endurance experiment." He has discussed this at length with his dog, Gigi, and some day hopes to leave Fincastle and join the rest of the humans.

SEVEN
Thinking about and working on 'the next video' is sometimes all that keeps him going.

What About *This* Guy?

Ralph Nader For Predident. Why?

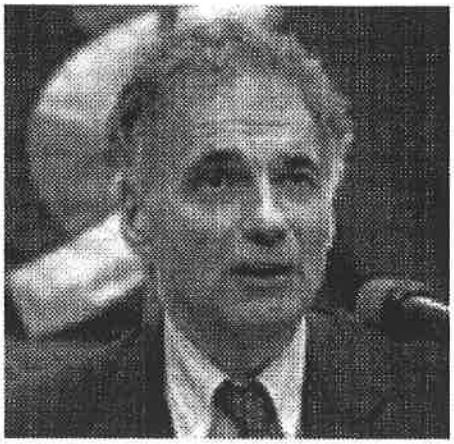
by Wile E. Peyote, from the National Affairs Desk

Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but someday, Green Party Presidential Nominee Ralph Nader vows, his candidacy will give birth to a new progressive movement in America.

"The millions of votes we get in November represent the yeast, they represent the growth soil. To the Democrats they will present this message: Shape up or shrink down." says Nader.

Campaigning without PAC funding, without corporate dollars, Nader is taking his populist, anti-corporate campaign to arenas and auditoriums across the country, at a suggested donation average of $10 dollars a seat.

"We want to demonstrate that we are outpolling the major candidates in terms of paid audiences," Nader said. Realizing his chances at the the Oval Office in 2000 are slim, Nader focuses on a lasting Political movement. "We are aiming for different alternatives in addition to getting votes," he says. "We want to have a significant third party after November that will be a watchdog for the body politic. We want to sent a message to the two parties that says, 'Continue on your inglorious path and you will lose votes.'"



Unable to get involved in the Presidential debates, Nader bristles at the 2-party control of the debate machinery and rules that require a third party show at least a 15% in the polls to be admitted.

"They command the money," he says. "They dominate the attention of the media. They have all these barriers to getting on the ballot that consume you for weeks."

In polls of the Northwest after Nader campaigned there in early September, Nader registered at 8% in an Oregon survey by the independent firm of Davis/Hibbits, and 5% in a Washington state poll done for KING-TV by Evans/McDonough. Both pollsters have made a finding contrary to the conventional school of thought that reads every vote for Nader is a loss for VP Al Gore. By the numbers, Evans/McDonough identified only 40% of Nader voters as Democrats, while another 20% were Republicans, with the remaining 40% independents.

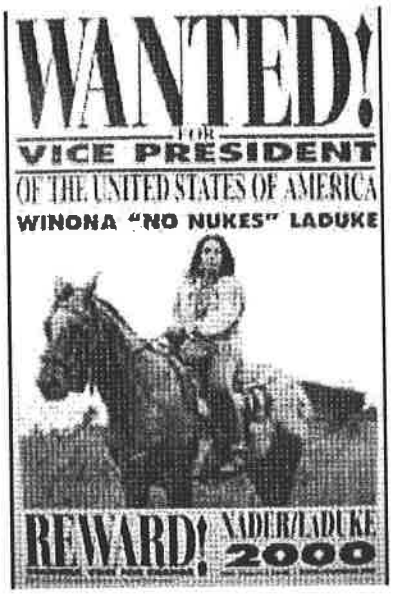
"The impact we're having on the Democrats is critical in three-ways. The winning margins in congressional races will be determined by the Greens. In districts where incumbants have no opposition, the Greens are moving to be the second party. And, on Capitol Hill, they will never again be able to tell citizen groups, 'You have no place else to go.'

"What we are doing isn't likely to be done in one election cycle," Nader says. "It is going to be done in two or three cycles. This year, the whole intent is to run through inequities and injustices in our country which have reached systemic proportions."

The nation's leading public citizen aims to "pull the scab off the sore of injustice at the core of our country. "We live now in an apartheid economy of such staggering inequities that mere words and statistics hardly can do it justice."

Nader appears scandalized at the way our citizen-money, our taxes and consumer dollars, end up causing more misery, or at best doing little to relieve it. A prime example cited by Nader comes from the Army's

Walter Reed Institute of Health. They say that they are fully capable of developing a new drug-say a vacceine for five to ten million dollars, while the pharmaceutical industry claims that it takes 3 to 5 hundred million to create. "That's so-called private enterprise, while right in our own government we have scientists who are showing the way, but don't have enough support."



Nader's Great Satan is Corporate Power, or, more precisely, the concentration of power in private corporations andits effects on government. "The biggest single obstable to honet, just government action- a government of, by, and for the people- is the corruption of special interest money in our election campaigns," Nader told the NAACP national convention last July. "We must have full public financing for public elections."

As the nation's first citizen canters towards the White House, he qualifies with walking that walk. Before the Harvard law-trained, magna cum laude Princeton graduate Nader came on the scene, consumerism "was often a trivialized concept that kept with shopping for the best bargains, and clipping supermarket coupons; it did not put forth an analysis of corporate or governmental power." David Bollier wrote in Citizen Action and other Big Ideas. But Nader and his investigative Raiders have mad it "an independent countervailing force to the enormous power weilded by business in the marketplace and government."

Nader comes by his root values in the usual way:his early influences. He was born in 1934 to Lebanese immigrants Rose and Nathra Nader, the latter a restauranteur. "When I went past the Statue of Liberty," the Bollier book reports Nader senior saying, "i took it seriously."

It was his other parent Ralph Nader quoted to the NAACP faithful in July. "my mother once told us, 'Determintatio is what puts your dreams on wheels.' We have to be determined that we are not going to be flim-flammed, that we are not going to be sweet-talked, we are not going to be regaled with rhetoric. We are only interested in justice as a result, not justice as a broken promise."

More information is, of course, online. Please turn to "Webshite" for the apropriate links. If you have questions, or want more info and don't have access to a computer, write to us at FENCE. We'll see what we can do.

Please Vote.

And, In This Corner...

Who is Ms. Winona LaDuke? And why is she on that horse?

Briefly (and with apologies), LaDuke is the erstwhile running mate of Ralph Nader on the Green Party Ticket. She is a Harvard Graduate, the founder of the White Earth land Recovery Project, the founder of the Indigenous Woman's Network (which she led to the 1995 UN Conference on the Status of Women in Beijing), and is a very successful leader and organizer for ecological and environmental movements agross the continent. She is on the Board of Directors of Greenpeace USA, and a member of the Ojibwe (or Anishinabeg) tribe and works with the Chippewa in Northern Minnesota. In 1995 Time Magazine nominated LaDuke as one of "50 Leaders for the Future". She's a Mom, too, living in Minnesota with her two kids.

What keeps her going, in part is the intergenerational nature of Native American Organizing. " We tell our stories to the children. It's incumbant on us to offer oral history, because no one else will. We make sure that the kids are part of everything. Inmost of America, it seems you don't matter if you're not between 25 and 50.

Traditional religion is another source of her sustenance and power. "Spirituality is the foundation of all my political work. In this country, religion carries a lot of baggage. But I think it's changing. You can't dismiss the significance of Eastern religions, Earth-based religions, and western religions on political work today. What we all need to do is find the wellspring that keeps us going, that gives us strength and patience to keep up this struggle for a long time."

The *Green* Movement is Based on *Ten Key Values*

- ***-Ecological Wisdom***
- ***-Social Justice***
- ***-Grassroots Democracy***
- ***-Nonviolence***
- ***-Decentralization***
- ***-Community-based Economics***
- ***-Feminism***
- ***-Respect for Diversity***
- ***-Personal & Global Responsibility***
- ***-Future Focus***

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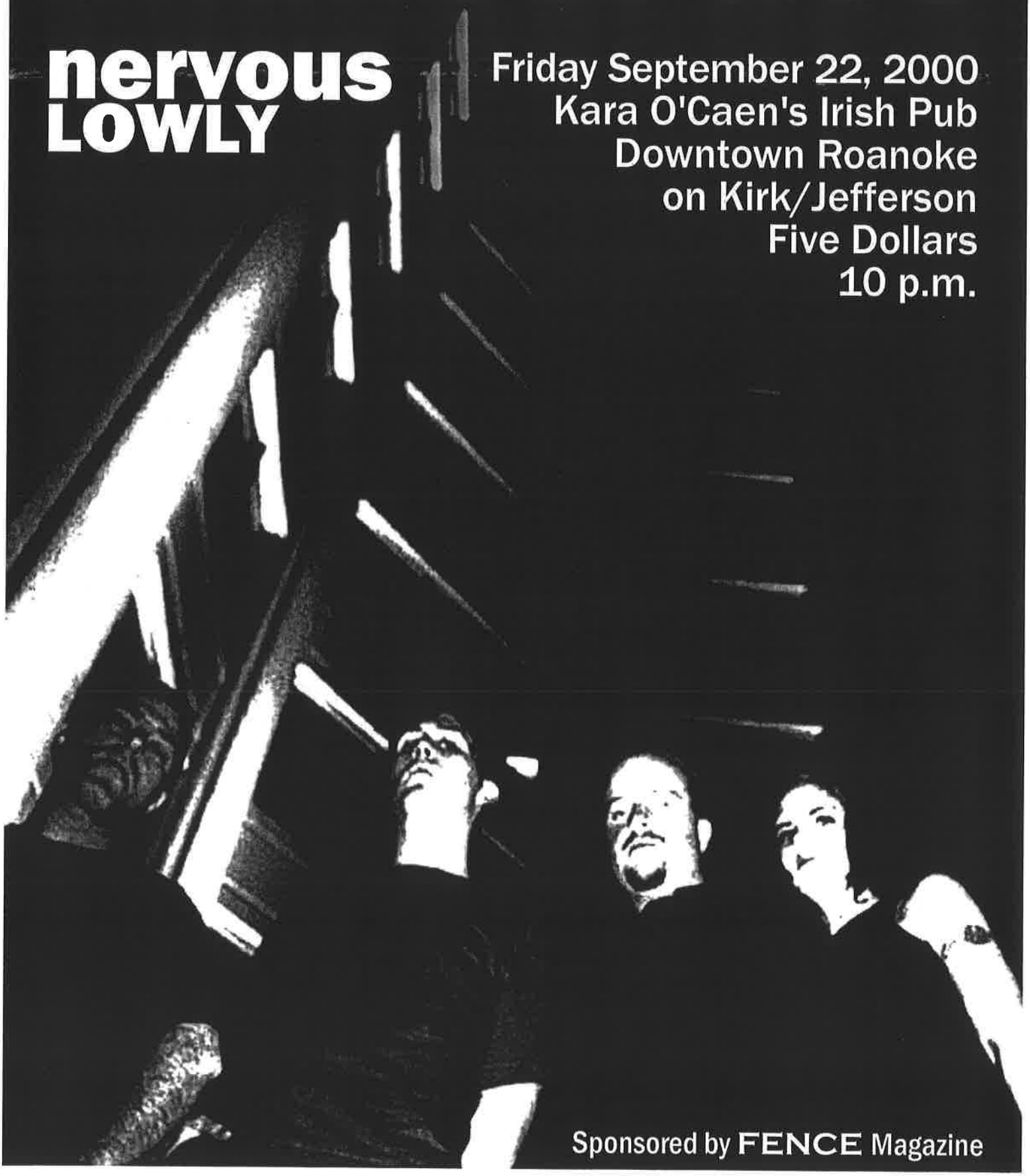

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An Old Raincoat Won't Ever Let You Down

Vince Eruptum profiles all-girl punk rockers The Raincoats in a new series on truly original and influential, but too often forgotten artists

The Raincoats did not explode onto any scene or start any revolutions when they formed in 1976 during London's punk tidal wave, but their influence is still manifesting itself 25 years later. One of the first all-female punk groups, their deconstruction of pop convention and gender elevated them beyond the simple "punk" moniker, and hence they were not appreciated in their time. But with public nods from Mr. & Mrs. Kurt Cobain, and obvious references in the music of indie bands like Sonic Youth and Helium, they seemed to come in to their own in the mid-90s, even to the point that Geffen briefly reissued their catalog, and they reformed for a new record and short tour. But it was not to be – some bands are destined for obscurity, remaining little more than a footnote in the rock encyclopedia. This is what you get when you're an all-girl punk band and you model yourself after the Velvet Underground.

Inspired by the example of X-Ray Spex, The Slits (both female punk-rock role models) and in no small part The Sex Pistols, Ana da Silva (guitar/vocals) and Gina Birch (bass/vocals) decided to have a go at it, despite their lack of experience and general outsider status in London's punk scene. Ana (who had recently emigrated from Portugal) and Gina fully embraced the anything-goes, DIY attitude of punk, without making any attempts to dumb their music down. They could not help injecting their own intelligence, wit, and an almost academic sense of experimentation into the music. And like so many of their peers (Wire and Gang Of Four, in particular), their music progressed from primitive, intellectual chaos to something highly artistic, well composed, inventively arranged and utterly unique. And utterly unheard, of course, which led to their initial demise in 1984.

The Raincoats **(Rough Trade, 1979)**
Primitive and jagged, The Raincoats' first album set a blueprint for all female indie bands to come, while never reducing itself to that novelty. It is more a blueprint for what four intelligent non-musicians can do when the rulebook is thrown away. Taking sonic cues from The Velvet Underground and their compatriots The Slits (one-time-Slit Palmolive bangs the trash cans on this record), The Raincoats combine raw-edged rhythm guitars, earthy and shrill violins, and punchy tribal drums for a sound that is at times grating, avant-garde, and exhilarating. Produced by Mayo Thompson (Red Krayola), the minimal arrangement leaves plenty of open space between the choppy rhythms. The drums (one of the most gripping aspects of the record) never play directly on the beat, adding a pulse outside the rhythm of the songs that has a voice all its own. Vicki Aspinall's scraping violin comes off as a lead instrument, much like John Cale's viola in the Velvets. But the stars of the record are undoubtedly the songs and the voices, whose simplicity is decieving. The vocals are coolly dislocated, thanks in part to Ana's stiff Portuguese accent and Gina's fluttering soprano. The songs address modern life and relationships from the point of view of a disinterested observer. "Fairytale In The Supermarket" (actually their first single, later appended to the album) and "Adventures Close To Home" (a tune also played by The Slits on their first record) exhibit lots of chaos and frenzy, while "In Love" builds on a stuttering double-vocal pattern, all nervous energy and restrained passion. But the really evocative moment on the record is their cover of The Kinks' "Lola", which is completely claimed as their own, reshaped in an aloof, tongue-in-cheek performance that completely inverts the already inverted gender issues of the tune. Timely, thoughtful and brilliant. A classic record.

Odyshape **(Rough Trade, 1981)**
By 1981, punk had encountered several forks in the road, hitting the charts in the form of New Wave, and driving many of the more experimental and creative bands back underground. The Raincoats were hurt as much as anyone by this, losing the momentum of attention afforded by punk's bandwagon, and reduced to cult status. However it did not stunt their creative growth. **Odyshape** finds The Raincoats treading similar ground as their debut, but with a more personal and subdued approach. The songs are more experimental, adding kalimba and cello to the guitar/violin/percussion template, but gone are the scratchy blasts of energy found on **The Raincoats** (until jolted awake by the record's last track, "Go Away"). Songs like "Shouting Out Loud" and "Only Loved At Night" show a gentle and almost melancholy sensitivity, drawing the listener in for a reluctant confession, rather than holding the listener at arm's length as the first album did. Perhaps this has to do with the disappointment of punk's potential, or maybe it's something more personal, but the poetic imagery and pastel tones of **Odyshape** remain some of the album's lasting impressions. Incidentally, from this point on it was no longer an all-girl affair – Palmolive's seat was filled by several friends and interim replacements, including Robert Wyatt (Soft Machine) – but the personality of the record belongs to Ana, Vicky and Gina.

The Kitchen Tapes **(ROIR, 1983)**
Originally released only on cassette, **The Kitchen Tapes** documents **Odyshape**-era Raincoats (again with a new drummer) live in a New York club, playing mostly material that would turn up on the next LP, **Moving**. The playing is more confident, though still untrained, and the band continues to straddle the line between lullaby and cacophony. A suitable bridge between the early, minimal punk rock and the orchestrated sophistication to come, if not an essential record.

Moving **(Rough Trade, 1984)**
A complex, sophisticated beauty of a record, **Moving** opens with "No One's Little Girl", a definitive Raincoats track which combines giddy, innocently defiant vocals with jazzy piano over a bubbly tribal beat. This sets the tone for the rest of the record, which floats along with lightheaded playfulness and some of the very best musicianship they've ever shown (previous descriptions like "primitive" and "grating" can't be used here). But don't be fooled by the cooler tempos, there is nothing mellow or simple about **Moving**. The upbeat songs literally hop along ("Dance Of Hopping Mad", "Animal Rhapsody", "No One's Little Girl"), with infectious, organic rhythm and heavy dub arrangements. The piano-based songs are some of the most complex and beautiful melodies they've ever done, especially those sung by Gina ("Rainstorm"), whose girlish vocals are full of innocence and wonder. **Moving** fulfills the promise of an exceedingly smart and talented band well beyond their peers. Alongside **Underwater Moonlight** by The Soft Boys, **Moving** easily ranks among the most shamefully underrated records of the post-punk era. But critical praise does not feed the hungry, and The Raincoats ended up calling it quits shortly after this record's release.

"Their music progressed from primitive, intellectual chaos to something highly artistic, well composed, inventively arranged and utterly unique."

Extended Play
(Smells Like Records, 1994, 10" EP)
It seemed like it was all over for The Raincoats, until the early 90s when their name repeatedly turned up in articles as a major influence on current artists. Like their idols The Velvet Underground, they found that demand for their records grew stronger after their demise. Since no bridges had been burned and no drug-addled fistfights led to the break-up, the prospect of a reunion (coinciding with the re-release of their back catalog by DGC) was met with great enthusiasm by Gina and Ana (Vicky never returned to The Raincoats). Coaxed by Sonic Youth's Steve Shelley (who not only signed the band to his own label, but also plays drums with the group), The Raincoats released a four-song EP that was met with strong reviews and college radio chart attention. The EP essentially serves to announce their return more than anything else. Only one song, "We Smile", is unique to this EP ("No One's Little Girl" and "Shouting Out Loud" are given the once-over, and another new track, "Don't Be Mean", would turn up on the next full-length).

Looking In The Shadows **(Geffen, 1996)**
Looking In The Shadows is that rare case of a reunion record that doesn't merely rehash old glories (The Velvet Underground's sad mistake), but finds the band with a refreshed voice. The album is not as sonically groundbreaking as it's predecessors – they had a dozen years of catching up to do, after all – but there's still lots of color and open space in the arrangements. This time around (all-female again, by the way), they sound a bit like Lush or Whipsmart-era Liz Phair. Gina and Ana's personalities have grown more distinct with age, the songs becoming more reflective, personal, and downright funny at times. Gina's songs in particular have a degree of insight, off-hand humor and guarded insecurity you'd only expect from a conversation with a close friend. "Baby Dog", for example, casually deals with a subject as sensitive as female infertility with wit and honesty. In the song she decides to buy a dog and raise it as her child, bravely taking it to the playground where all the other mothers take their children. It's unlikely that **Looking In The Shadows** will win new fans, or be remembered as strongly as the first LP, but it's nonetheless an encouraging and welcome return.

Once again, The Raincoats decided to part ways after **Looking In The Shadows** and a short tour, but the door was not closed to future projects. Sadly, DGC has not kept the back catalog in print. Inadvertently ruining my long-term plans for using this name, Gina Birch started a very un-Raincoats new band called The Hangovers, which to date has releaesed a handful of 7-inches.

– Vince Eruptum

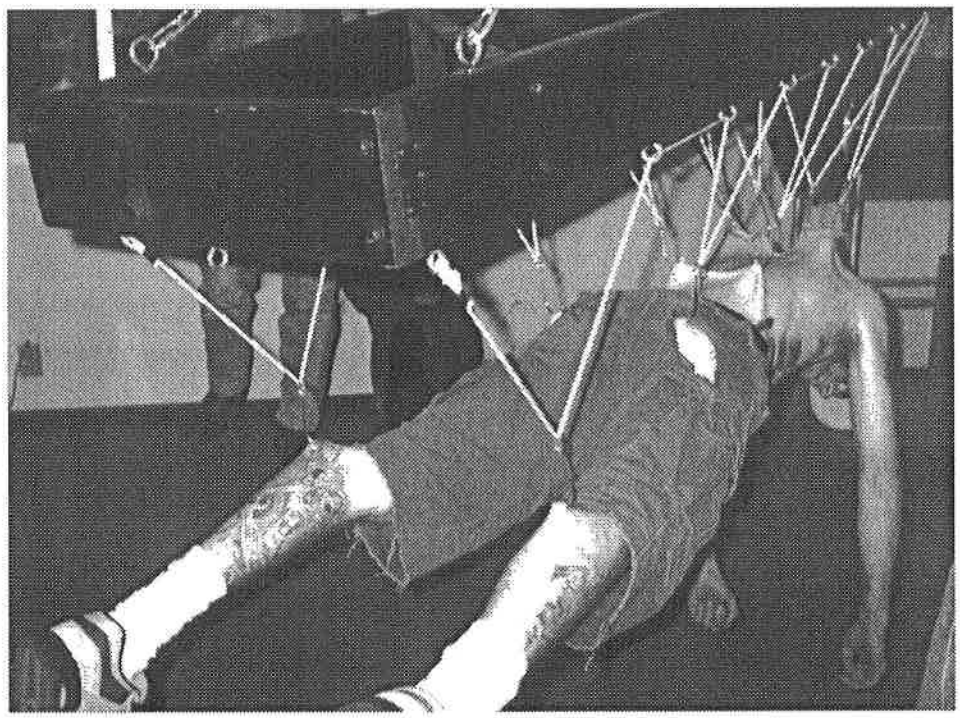
The Agony and the Ecstasy

FENCE arts correspondent **Melissa Charles** continues her search for unusual ways of self expression.

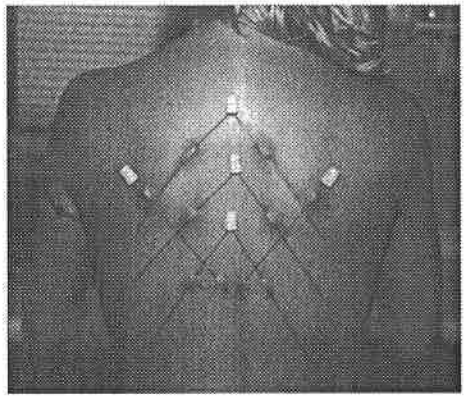
Art has many forms. Canvas paintings, sculptures and murals are more conventional means of expression, but the human body can also be a medium. The art of piercing goes beyond visual aspects of just seeing someone wearing jewelry. According to Mark Bell, owner of Urban Tribe, much of the piercer's art lies in how piercing methods are used to achieve the desired results. The piercer must understand how the body works and reacts, so that he can manipulate it into accepting something foreign. Piercers must also be able to visualize what a potential "piercee" wants, which enables them to select the right jewelry, and to make that person's piercing more inventive or original.

There are several ways that the piercer and the piercee can express themselves. These range from more typical piercing like the ear or the navel, to more creative and extreme forms of the art such as fetish piercing and suspension. For some, the thrill is in the actual sensation of being pierced rather than in the wearing of jewelry. This is called fetish piercing - being pierced completely for its effect, which blurs the line between pain and pleasure.

Mark allowed Fence to sit in on a fetish piercing to experience first-hand the artist at work. He first carefully mapped out where each long, thin needle would be placed in the piercee's back. Then, with each needle meticulously placed under the skin, he created a perfectly symmetrical pattern on his canvas of flesh. After the piercee checked out her back in the mirror, Mark carefully removed each needle leaving only small, red marks on her skin, which he said would disappear in a day. This type of piercing symbolizes expression in its most pure form. The piercee experienced what it was like to be a human canvas, and at the same time satisfied her own desire for the endorphin rush that accompanies a fetish piercing.



Above right: Altered states await the suspendee. Below: Fetish piercing - just for the thrill of it.



Piercing is well known as a path to altered states of consciousness. Suspensions, for example, have been done for centuries, and even today are part of Cheyenne ritual and ceremony. When a person is suspended, they really are held aloft by nothing but large hooks inserted into various parts of their body. This is extremely stressful on the body, and if everyone involved isn't prepared both mentally and physically there could be serious risks. Mark has been suspended three times, and he describes it as "intensely painful." But he also describes a feeling of weightlessness and relaxation. "You have to separate your thoughts and your mind from the pain your body is feeling," he says. "When being suspended, you have to be able to give up control to fully understand the experience."

Even though suspension is by all accounts an incredible experience, it is not for everyone. Mark tries to preserve the custom of suspension by not offering it as a service in his shop, and he is wary that marketing such an intense and personal experience would cheapen its overall aesthetic. Suspension on a personal level can be both enlightening and intense, but for the observer the sight can be shocking. Throughout history, many artists have faced harsh reactions when their art has been displayed. Even Michelangelo was criticized for some of his most famous works. If the reasons behind art and expression are understood, then art can be appreciated for what it truly is.

Britney Spears?

...this is the only way she'd be able to keep up in this store! We sell more Metal, More Industrial, more Death Rock, more heavy, heavy noise than any other store for 250 miles! And we mail order across the world! European Metal, Picture disks, rare and out of print, obscure and just bloody odd... ..there are no limits!

so if you're looking for the latest boy-band, don't bother us... unless they're vampires.

THE RECORD EXCHANGE

RICHLANDS MALL
RICHLANDS, VA 24641
(540) 963-7037

Write for our catalog!!!

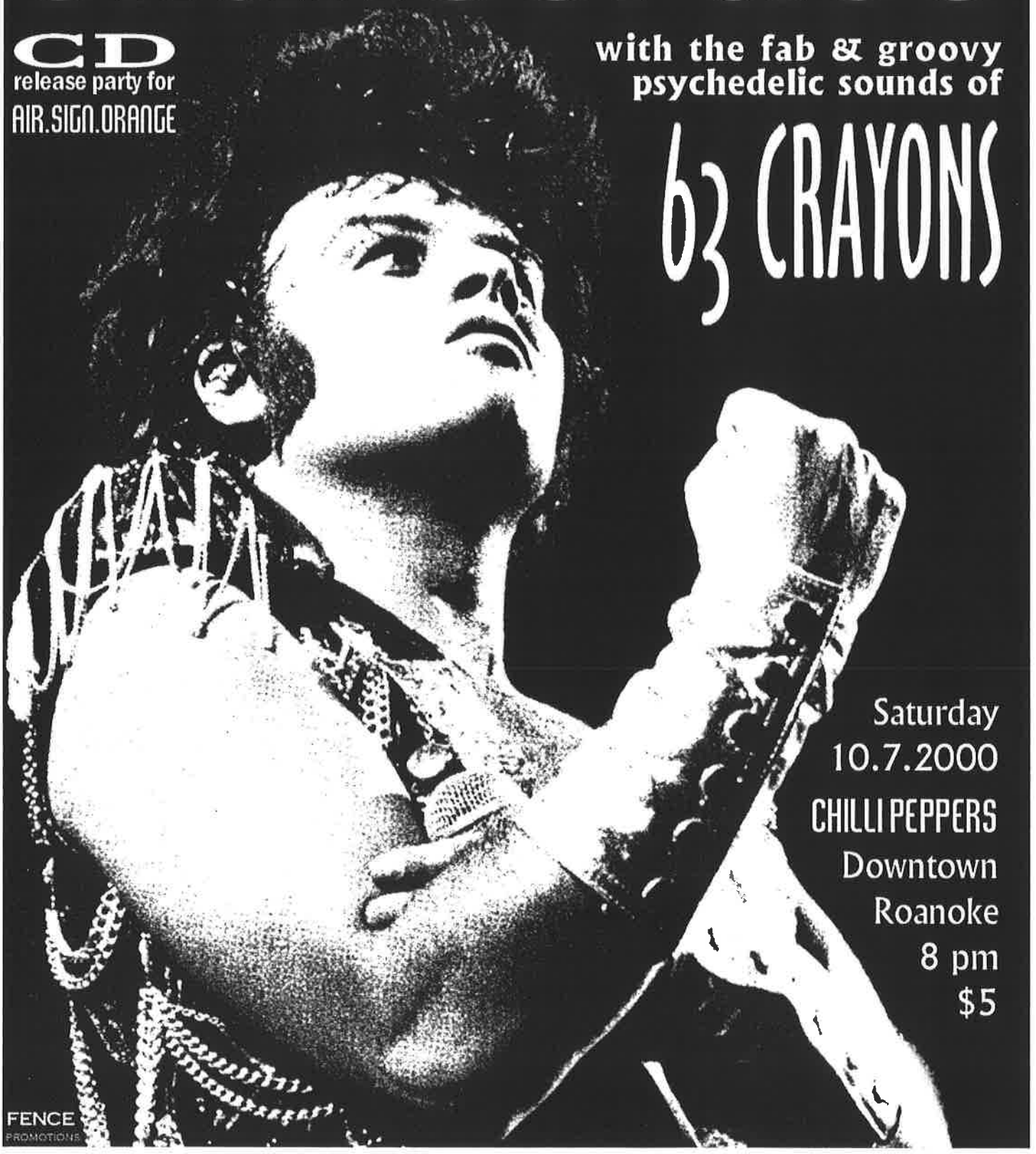
ROCK & ROLL PART X

shakespace

CD
release party for
AIR.SIGN.ORANGE

with the fab & groovy
psychedelic sounds of

63 CRAYONS



Saturday
10.7.2000
CHILLI PEPPERS
Downtown
Roanoke
8 pm
$5

FENCE
PROMOTIONS

The Noise of Summer

They say a picture's worth a 1000 words, so here's about 15,000 of 'em, all about the diverse musical and artistic events held in Roanoke over the summer

1. The Vessels of Sin at Fence's first birthday party in Chilli Peppers (left to right – Jeff, Stacey, Jennifer and Bridget).

2. Susan from The Stimulants at Fence's first birthday)

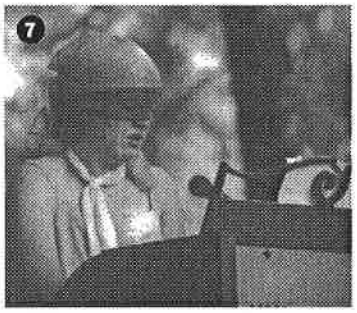
3. Neil (left) and C.J. from Stations at the Independent Festival of Audible and Visible Arts in Highland Park.

4. Mark from 63 Crayons at the Independent Festival of Audible and Visible Arts in Highland Park.

ROGUES' GALLERY

5. Rock Goddess Jennifer from The Vessels of Sin at Fence's first birthday party.

6. Michelle and Charlie from 63 Crayons, the best new band in Roanoke this year.



7. Suzanne from 63 Crayons.

8. Bridget (Vessels of Sin), and leery geezer.

9.

10.

ROGUES' GALLERY

The Noise of Summer

9. Shakespace on stage at the "Local Heroes" mobile stage in Best Buy's parking lot (pissing rain, no audience).

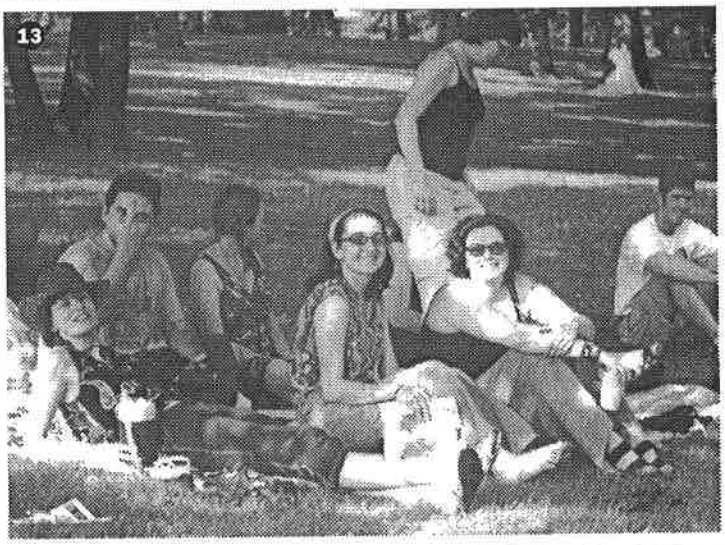
10. Antoinette (in front) and Bonnie from the Wyld Stallyns at Fence's birthday.

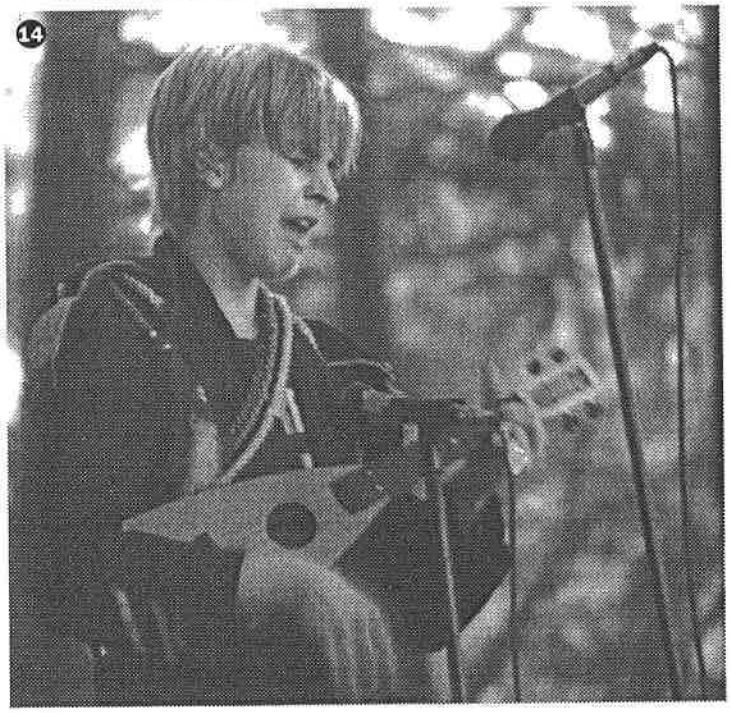
11. Colin (left) and Tom from Hotplate at that shitty Best Buy promotion.

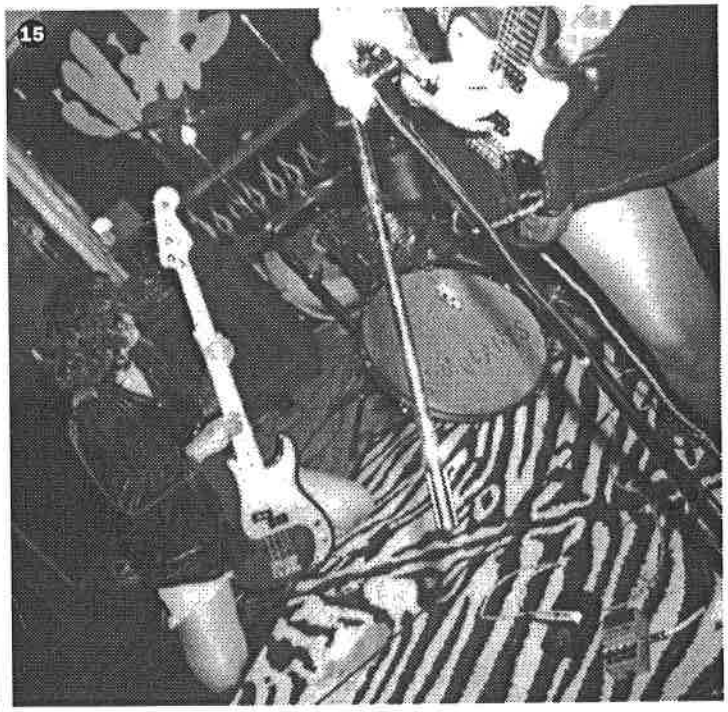
12 and 14. Captain Dangerous at the Audible/Visible Arts show in Highland Park.

13. Highland Park again, with the ususal suspects enjoying a shameless display of public drunkenness.

15. The mighty Stimulants at Fence's birthday party in Chilli Peppers.







...Did you happen to pick up a copy of a "Local Magazine" that told you about the best that the Valley had to offer? And did anyone ask you? Further, do you need to be told what's good?
...Would you like to know about the rest?

THE FENCE AWARDS

We sent out an estimated 400 letters asking the opinion of the REST of the valley about real things that real people deal with on a regular basis. We purposefully avoided singling anyone or anything out by leaving the questions open-ended instead of multiple choice, because those choices would be <u>our</u> picks, after all. And that wouldn't be fair. As a result, the responses were as varied as the people we asked. There were more common answers than one might think. and **FENCE** *even took a few hits, but that's part of the deal. And now... The Awards:*

by Wile E. Peyote

(polling was conducted via email, in a 'chain letter' style over the course of a week)

A I N ' T I T ?

"Most Inconvenient Convenience Store"

This one was a good example of our neighborhood demographics, but there were some obvious winners...

Sparky's

5th & Elm

The Undisputed Leaders in underage sales, Drunks scrounging in the parking lot, and pissy clerks.

Creekside Market

rt 11, Hollins

Imagine if you will: a Citgo market with no Cigarettes, No Beer, No Condoms, and 24 Excedrin cost $7, not to mention the year-round Easter Decorations.

"Best Place to Have Sex Away From Home"

Lots of people listed their jobs, and we got quite a few Parent's houses...

Highland Park

Old Southwest

So. It wasn't the cat you heard after all...

Valley View

y'know, the MALL?

From the new Cinema all the way to the Old Airport, with the Toys R Us/Texas Steakhouse area being the most happenin'. No wonder they put an IHOP out there...

"Best Reason to Turn Off the Radio"

Most people said that the variety in their own collection was better, and a number mentioned the vastness of the internet, but it's not available in cars...yet (see next issue for that madness...).

The John Boy & Billy Big Show

WROV Mornings

You don't know yer a redneck if...

Joel Hoffman

Z101 mid-day

With almost 15% of the vote, it looks like every other sentence about sex or Saltori's only works for the Real Howard Stern. Let's hope he doesn't play Pilate to Ruthy's Jesus.

"Last Choice for Pizza"

It's like Bill Hicks said: "Taste. Some people have it, Some people have it in their mouths."

Corned Beef & Company

Jefferson St. Downtown Roanoke

Oven-Fired is great, but aren't they paid for by now?

Domino's

Everywhere

Who's yer Poppa?

"Last choice for Bar/Pub"

Another popular choice was Scooch's, but since it's a parking lot now, we didn't bother. Straight Street and Juicy's also got a number of votes, but neither qualify, as a bar or as a pub. Besides, it's just too easy...

Corned Beef & Company

Jefferson St. Downtown Roanoke

Again? Hmmm... maybe 'vapid' is a 'good' adjective now. We can't keep up with those crazy trends...

Saltori's

On the Market, Downtown Roanoke

It's a coffee shop, it's a restaurant, it's a cigar bar, it's a pub, it's a dessert topping, it's a floorwax, it's a door, it's ajar... too bad it's not still a bookstore...

Cheer's

Waaaay the hell over by Lewis-Gale

Yeah, Cheer's. Enough of you thought so that it actually got a marginal majority.

WEDNESDAYS
AT
CLUB COBALT
2923 FRANKLIN RD ROANOKE

8PM-2AM

INDUSTRIAL
+
GOTHIC
NIGHT

$3 COVER

featuring
paragon and
GARGIRL

A I N ' T I T ?

"Last Place You'd Do Your Grocery Shopping"

We did specify grocery stores, not 'food-mart-gas-station-oases". And price weren't the only reason...

Kroger

Not all of 'em, just the one at Towers

When this was Harris Teeter, it had no peers in the Valley. It was a top-notch, spotless store with a fantastic selection and competent, friendly staff. Now it looks and acts like a White Trash, low-rent burb store. Maybe 'Teeter had higher prices, but you could see where the money went. Coincidentally, this is also the easiest store to shoplift from, according to sources.

Food Lion

All of 'em

It's no secret that Kroger dominates Roanoke, and we're all conditioned to it, maybe that's why they feel so ...alien. Food Lion has become like your Ugly Cousin that you forget about until she visits, or you need to borrow a tape of *Behind The Music*.

"Best Place to Sneak a Pee Downtown"

Lissen. Don't act so shocked. Even you gals do it. Who's got time to Party-Eye the Doorman when you're just seconds from a simple tuck-aside? The results were pretty common on this one...

That Nifty Little Half-Alley Next to Chilli Pepper's

Salem Ave, Next to Chilli Pepper's

And if you still think that Chilli Pepper's is in the Patrick Henry, drop this rag and go back to your TV. Dolt.

Kirk Avenue

'Tween Church & Campbell

From the responses we got, it looks like anywhere on Kirk Street is Mondo Latrino, with the choicest spots being as close to the Market Square as possible. Especially behind Chris' Big Dog.

"Best Reason to Touch Yourself During the News"

Well. Not really surprising, but most respondents didn't need a reason. The most logical response was also the only one of it's kind. Proving once again that Roanoke is not the Conservative Bastion it Purports to be. Ha.

Jenniffer Waddell

Fox 21/27

Hey, it's our Covergirl... kinda. Even the gals like her.

(...?)

Who Are You People?

The other responses we got for this ranged from Breast/Prostate Exam Report, to Car Crash Scenes (which got more votes than we care to mention). Other Local Personalities included Melanie Moon, Jean Jadhon, and Ms Barbera Gibbs, of course. Ms Waddell garnished the most attention by far, and apparently Monsieur Marcel Lamarre won't ever have to pay his bar tab at The Park, should the situation of his presense there ever manifest.

"Worst Place to take Your Mom, Even Though She Thinks It'd Be Nice"

It's your town, after all. She should trust you.

The Star

Mill Mountain

Grafitti, No Security, Always has freaks hangin' around it. Let's face it, all the reasons we love it are anathema to parents. Besides, we all know it was built as a giant trip toy.

Saltori's/Corn Beef & Company

On the Market/Jefferson Ave

Please. Convince her that the food court only looks like a Jungle and the food there is wizard. If she still won't go for it, drive on out to Fast Freddies in Salem. You probably need to catch up, anyway.

Valley View Mall

There are only three reasons to actually enter Valley View Mall: Corn Dog Nuggets at A&W, Green M&M's by the pound at the candy store, and Victoria's Secret. You do not take your Mom to Victoria's Secret. K? K.

A I N ' T I T ?

"Bartender You've Given the Biggest Tip"

Huge variety here, but 3 stood out. Mention should also go to Eric at Mill Mt. Coffee & Tea who got a number of "...any type of bar?", and The Atomic Liver, who has been known to jockey the coolers at The Tilediver's Arms.

Candy
At Spike's, Raleigh Court

Abe
At Chilli Pepper's, Salem Ave

Melissa
Ex-Kara O'Kaen's Irish Pub, Kirk & Jefferson Downtown. The excellent Chris is now in residence, so tip him good.

"Band/Artist/Whatever To Keep An Eye On"

We asked for three top picks to get the widest range possible. We recieved names for over 150 Bands and such here in the Roanoke Valley. What does that tell you? Other Mentions: No Phase Art Space, FoodNotBombs, Troop, Josh (of the Diplomats and Shakespace), and the Open Mic Scene.

1st: The Diplomats/Shakespace/Stations
Proof that perseverance means more than the bottom of the Stoli Bottle.

2nd: Nervous Lowly/the Fashion Smoothies/Ian Little
Diversity? DIY? Shit yes, Ms. Lamar!

3rd: Hotplate/FENCE
Yeah. Us. Heh. But Hotplate is the better example: Professional is a State of Mind.

"Best Example of Roanoke Banality"

At this point We'd just like to reiterate that this was a poll taken amongst FENCE readers and the associates of. That group encompasses over 2000 people in the valley, and, although they weren't included in the poll (for obvious reasons...) another 100 or so across the US and Europe. FENCE itself garnered 3 mentions in this category. Doesn't sound like alot of people, until they speak...

City Magazine
In all honesty, We'd have to say that City Magazine is the embodiment of all that is The Ideal of Roanoke. It is a pulp-printed guidebook of the Fantasyland Roanoke that the Conservative, Close-Minded, Naive, Right-Wing, Pseudo-Bourgeoise Dullards who have the monetary majority would have others of their ilk believe in and blindly support. No one in City Magazine is is ugly, poor, or alone. Ever.

Roanoke City Government
Roanoke Uber Alles

These mutants continue to tiptoe city ordinance after city ordinance past us like sneaking oreo's at midnight. Why isn't there a public posting of New Laws, or Changes to old ones? We tried to find out info about a supposed new noise law for downtown and were told, after 3 days of phone calls and 'net surfing, that we'd need to hire a lawyer to look it up for us! Patrick Henry would burn the fucker to the ground! Too bad the majority of this city doesn't give a shit enough to vote unless their backyard is about to become another section of mall. Why don't they rally the folks in Lincoln Terrace to vote as well as the NorthCross Neighborhood? Cowards.

"Biggest Waste of Talent/Resources"

FENCE scored a few here. Though probably meant as a dig, We'd have to take it as a complement, instead. If you feel we're too good to be throwing it away on this rag, then we're doing just fine. At least we got a reaction. There are others with much bigger budgets, better toys & equipment and certainly more organized than we will ever be, and they consistantly produce more shit than a two-year-old on a banana diet. Or worse, they do nothing. Honorable Mentions go out to Meridian, Inc, Roanoke City, and Whoever's reaping the write-offs on the 'unrentable' downtown properties which could be local merchant space, art space, or something. Not dead.

(The Iroquois Club)
Salem Avenue

What the fuck? I mean really. Here is this Grand Old Dame of a club sitting like some drunken ex-war hero that everyone misses, but no one ever talks to. It seems that after Kevin Jinx took his most recent crawl through the scene like a maggot in a cheeseburger it has just sat there, save for the fistulant efforts of AbJab the Hutt and assorted neo gangsters livin' large in the after hours. Personally? I would give a nut for just a month's crack at that joint.

City Magazine
Wet Dream, Inc.

We've covered these clowns. Next.

"Roanoke's Most Underrated"

This was the one that was the most trouble. This was the one where most of the respondents got brickwalled and returned with "Most Underrated... What?" It was meant to be just that, exactly. What comes to mind first for Roanoke? The responses we got were the most diverse of the lot, right up there with the "artist/band" question. We got bands (Captain Jack, Dr Teeth, Space Station Zebra, Haywyre, Curmudgeon, Swank, the Wyld Stallyns, iLL-iTeRaCY, OX3, R2N, Lazy Sundays, Mitchel's Edge, the Influence UK, 790 Robot Head, RNG, Sierra Dog Romeo, Sequoia, Frotter, The Downtown Music Lab, plus the previous 'winners'...), as well as assorted painters, tattoo artists, teachers, Media types (Ruthy, Heidi, Don Walker, Tori, Slam Duncan, Sam & Mark, Frazier,), and places, too: resturants, bars, galleries, parks, the Zoo, just all kinda shit. When the smoke cleared, there were a couple that stood out by virtue of the passion of the nominator, if nothing else.

Bill Hudson

Singer/Songwriter

"As far as I know, Bill Hudson is the only one of his kind in town. A little John Prine, a little Arlo, and the omnipresent acoustic guitar, Bill Hudson is Roanoke's very own Raindog. The best thing I could say is to let Bill speak for himself in his music. Listen for free at MP3.com" said the ballot. So I did. This may border on personal opinion, but, if the definition of 'underrated' hasn't changed, I believe this more than qualifies.

Fast Freddy's

West Main Street, Salem

"This restaurant epitomizes Roanoke, too bad it's in Salem. The menu is eclectic and affordable. The food is always good (he brags that his fish is a fresh as you can get without being on the shore) and there's plenty of it. I don't want this to sound like an ad, and I almost like it to be just barely a secret, but I figure if he keeps doing well, he'll open one in Roanoke." Hmm. If there's one thing that Roanoke has, it's good places to eat. So If Freddy's is so good why doesnt everyone know about it? 'Cos it's a pain in the ass to get to, basically, and he's always slammed at lunchtime. Still We recommend you make the trip, mebbe for an early dinner or late lunch.

The Open Mic/Poetry Slam Scene

Chilli Peppers, The Club, & Everywhere. Look for flyers.

Here are the next bands, the next writers and poets to make you smile, cry and rage. This is how a scene grows, in these post-modern tribal story-circles. And best of all, 99% of the time they're free. The next time you plop down in front of the TV and complain that nothing's on, remember that you could've been at one of these instead.

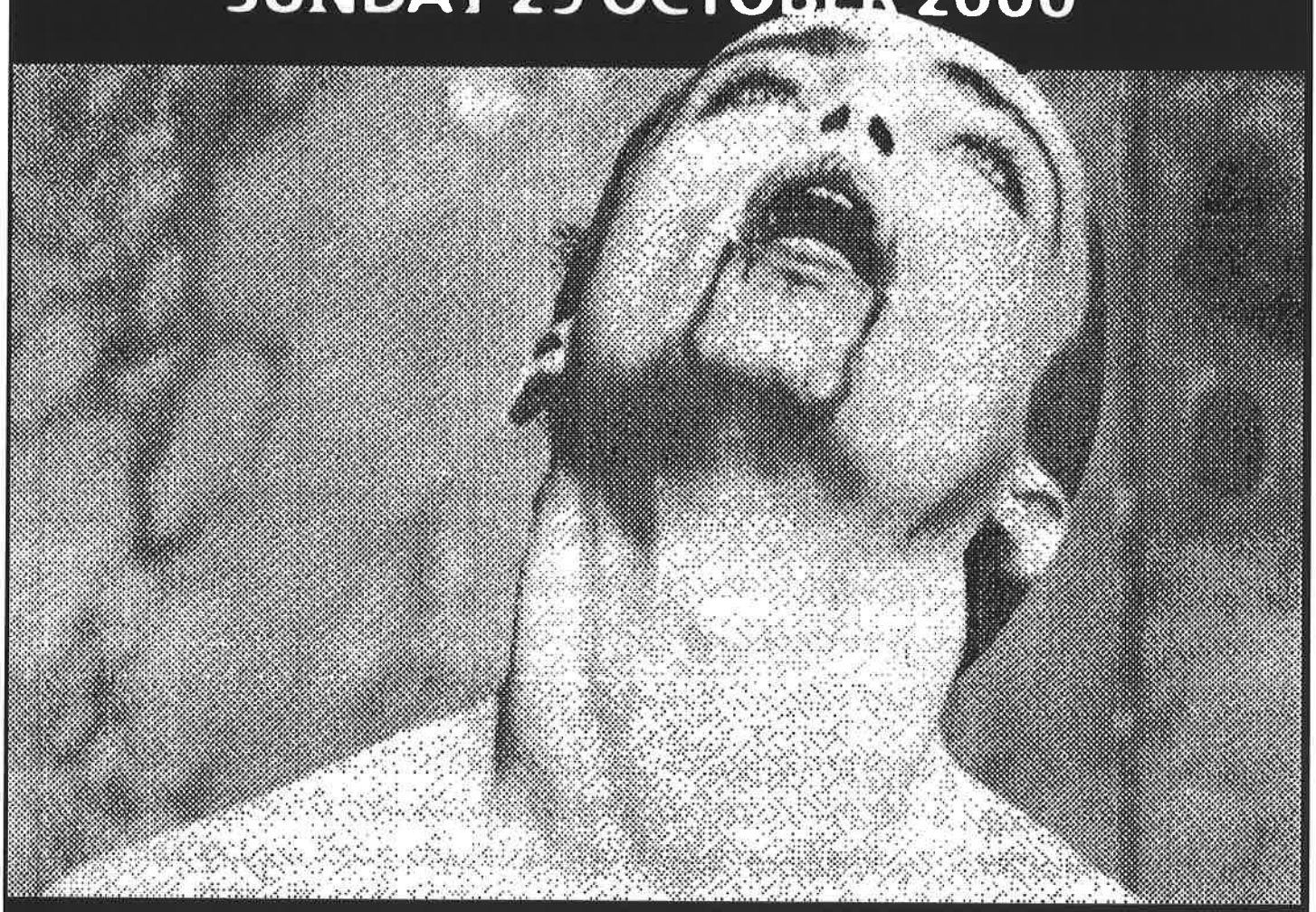
We could go on and on at this rate, but then we'd be just as guilty as they are for starting this whole mess. We've tried our damnedest to not show any favoritism in either direction by counting the chips as they fell, but we're still bound to ruffle some feathers. Get over it.
We got sniped at, too, and will continue to be. That's just the way it is.
Thanks to all who contributed and all who passed the ballot around.
Even though we got just half of the estimated expected, it was still a good showing for a bunch of slackers.
just wait 'til next year!

F E N C E P R E S E N T S T H E

HALLOWEEN PARTY

CLUB COBALT

SUNDAY 29 OCTOBER 2000



FEATURING LIVE MUSIC BY

shakespace

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

GOTHIC-INDUSTRIAL SOUNDS BY

DJ GARGIRL

DOOR PRIZES - COSTUME CONTEST

$7.00 ADMISSION - $5.00 IN COSTUME!

THE HORROR BEGINS AT 8:00 PM AT CLUB COBALT. 2923 FRANKLIN ROAD. ROANOKE

POETS' FENCE

Calling All Poets

Got a poem or a piece of prose that's burning a hole in your pocket, yearning for an erudite audience of non-linear thinkers like yourself?

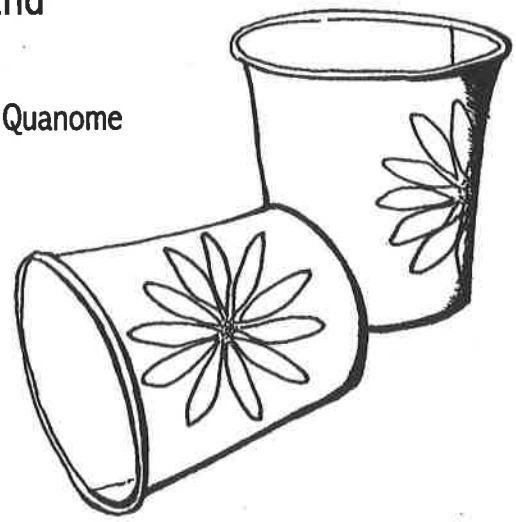
Simply send your treasures to:

FENCE
PO Box 19136,
Roanoke VA 24019

FENCE thanks you.

A Single Book-End

by Isabel Quanome



Listen.

The foster kid's
whispering and laughing
into his hand-made phone
again.

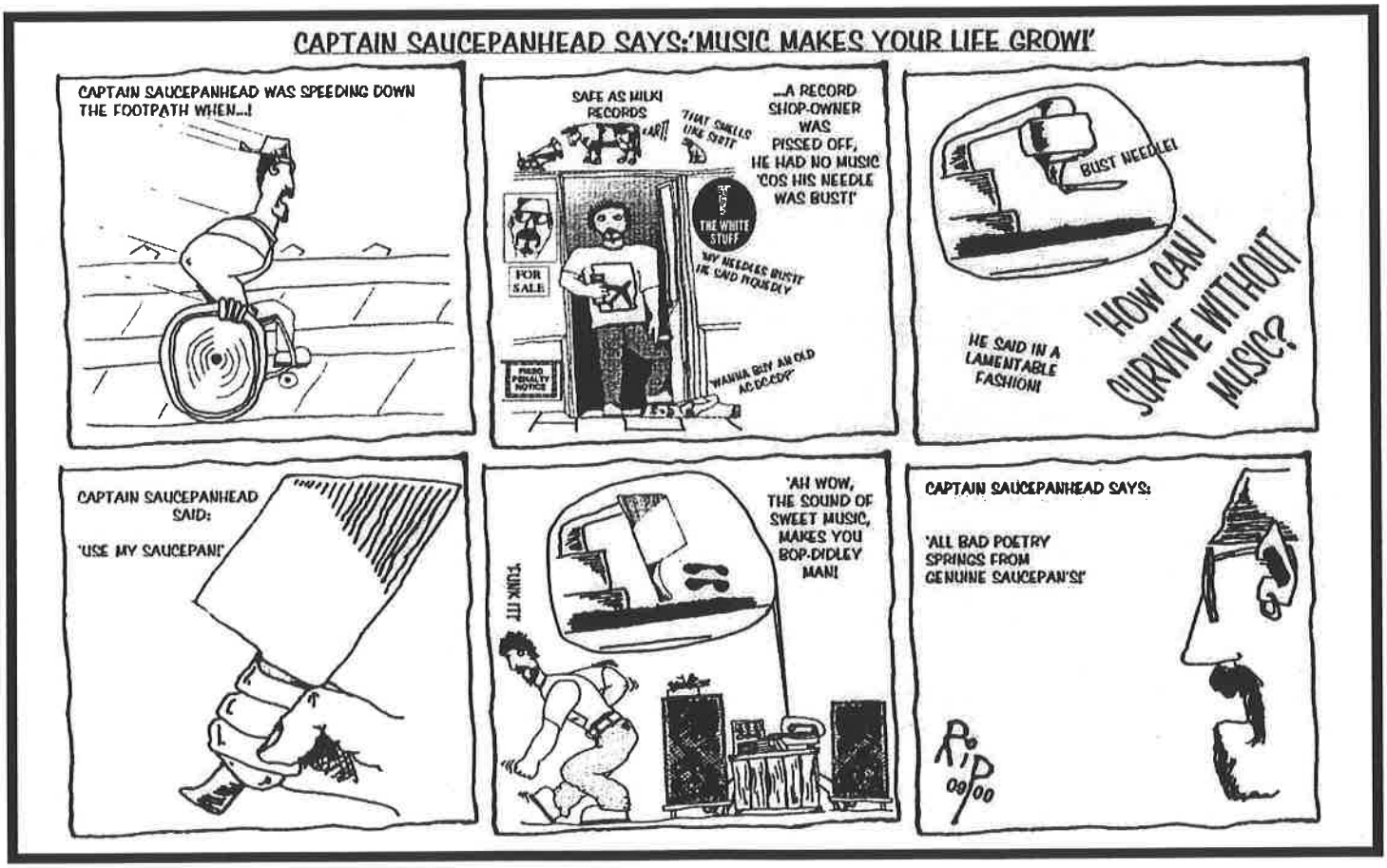
His left hand holds
the dixie cup's lips
so close to his own
that they're moist with
his tiny swishing voice.

And his right,
his right arm trembles
from hours of aiming
the second receiver
at this corner of his room
filled with nothing
but an unmade bed.

And
Nothing,
which listens,
intent and secret,

Replies from time to time.

Isabel is a poet by night and a downtown restaurant manager by day.


CAPTAIN SAUCEPANHEAD SAYS:'MUSIC MAKES YOUR LIFE GROW!'
CAPTAIN SAUCEPANHEAD WAS SPEEDING DOWN THE FOOTPATH WHEN...!
SAFE AS MILK! RECORDS
'THAT SMELLS LIKE SHIT!'
...A RECORD SHOP-OWNER WAS PISSED OFF, HE HAD NO MUSIC 'COS HIS NEEDLE WAS BUST!'
THE WHITE STUFF
'MY NEEDLES BUST!' HE SAID MOURNFULLY
FOR SALE
PARKING PENALTY NOTICE
'WANNA BUY AN OLD ACCORDION?'
BUST NEEDLE!
HE SAID IN A LAMENTABLE FASHION!
'HOW CAN I SURVIVE WITHOUT MUSIC?'
CAPTAIN SAUCEPANHEAD SAID:
'USE MY SAUCEPAN!'
'AH WOW, THE SOUND OF SWEET MUSIC, MAKES YOU BOP-DIDLEY MAN!
'FUNK IT!'
CAPTAIN SAUCEPANHEAD SAYS:
'ALL BAD POETRY SPRINGS FROM GENUINE SAUCEPAN'S!'
RIP 08/00

GUINNESS AS USUAL

Kara O'Caen's Irish Pub

303 South Jefferson
Downtown Roanoke

WEBSHITE

audioethereal by ToriMazur

Let's be honest.
Radio is a business where the programmer's bottom line is, well... the bottom line. That's alright for them, they have the right to earn money to stay in business, but don't be fooled into thinking FM radio is where you can hear "new music first". Nine times out of ten you'll find it on the web first. Sometimes illegally, but it's there. **Music Beyond Radio** does not want to be your online "radio station", though our shows are on the website in *RealAudio*. **Music Beyond Radio** seeks to give voice to those who would ordinarily be drowned out by those who saturate the airwaves of America. Some of the names will be familiar (we're not going to penalize good artists for being successful), while others you may never have heard of.
We offer links for you to find out more on these artists because the journey around the world in modern music isn't just aural. When you listen to **Global Warming** for instance, take advantage of the artist links provided in the playlist popup window. Explore the vision that many artists are creating in conjunction with their music. Thanks to the internet, you can reach out to the artist and many times they'll reach back.
Additionally **MBR** wants to keep you in touch with *regional information* on music, *music and tech news* and other happening we think you will find interesting. We're all smart people in tune with the world around us. To us, current events are not just empty words, they are events that have ripple effects on us all. Offer your views on anything we cover and *become a part of the **MBR Community***. Write your own reviews, features and we'll post them. We hope you will come to find Music Beyond Radio to be a valuable resource of information and be inspired to make your mark on the World Wide Web.

Explore FENCE topics further with these handy links (in order of appearance)

fence.tsx.org
kinkos.com
davelermond.cjb.net
z101.net
frazierhughes.com
jimbeam.com
rollingstone.com
www.wattage.com
messengerrecords.com
stonetemplepilots.com
yoakumhollar.com
outpostrec.com
roanokeco-op.com
mp3.com
floydcounty.com
nader2000.org
mojones.com
greenpeace.org
speakout.com
self-gov.com
welrp.com
roughtrade.music.co.uk
princeton.com
soniclife.net
ajaxrecords.com
robynhitchcock.com
people.a2000.nl
hangovers.org
bmeworld.com
theroanoker.com
96-3rov.com
howard-stern.org
billhicks.com
dominos.com
saltoriscoffee.com
fox2127.com
jpshrine.org
guinness.com
io.com

Some of the links are rather generalized, and will lead you to other links. Rollingstone.com and mp3.com are good examples of this. Also, check the FENCE site for all the rest of our keen pictures. See yourself elephants.

(updated as we can, so keep checking)

BURNING DIRT

Jeff Mahoney

"The Two-hour Goodbye"

AND THEN ESTER SAID SHE WASN'T GOING IF MILDRED WAS.
UH-HUH.
WELL, I'VE GOTTA GET GOING, GRANDMA...
SO I SAYS TO HER I NEVER KNOWN MILDRED TO BE THE MEAN TYPE.
SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST LIKE THAT, I GUESS.
THEN SHE SAYS HATTIE WAS THE ONE SAYIN' THAT STUFF.
WELL, I'VE GOTTA GET GOING, GRANDMA.
SO I SAYS TO HER, "YOU'RE A LYING TRAMP!"

burning_dirt@hotmail.com

Watch Your Back

You might be... Banana'd?

...or bitten by rubber snakes,
poisoned with peanuts,
electrocuted by ropes, or
bombed with pillows!

Even ping-ponged!

Killer is the Live role-playing game for intelligent, creative, and slightly uncivilized people...people who want to knock off their friends...without hurting them.

In this unique game, each player becomes an assassin, stalking one (or all) of the other players. Squirt guns replace pistols; Water baloons become bombs... whatever your feindish mind can devise. As the assassins take out their targets, the number of players dwindles. The last one alive is the winner.

Besides the basic game, there are 16 different advanced scenarios... games that set the players up as everything from 1920's mobsters to modern-day vampire hunters. You can play Killer in any background you can imagine. Safely and Legally, of course.

by STEVE JACKSON GAMES

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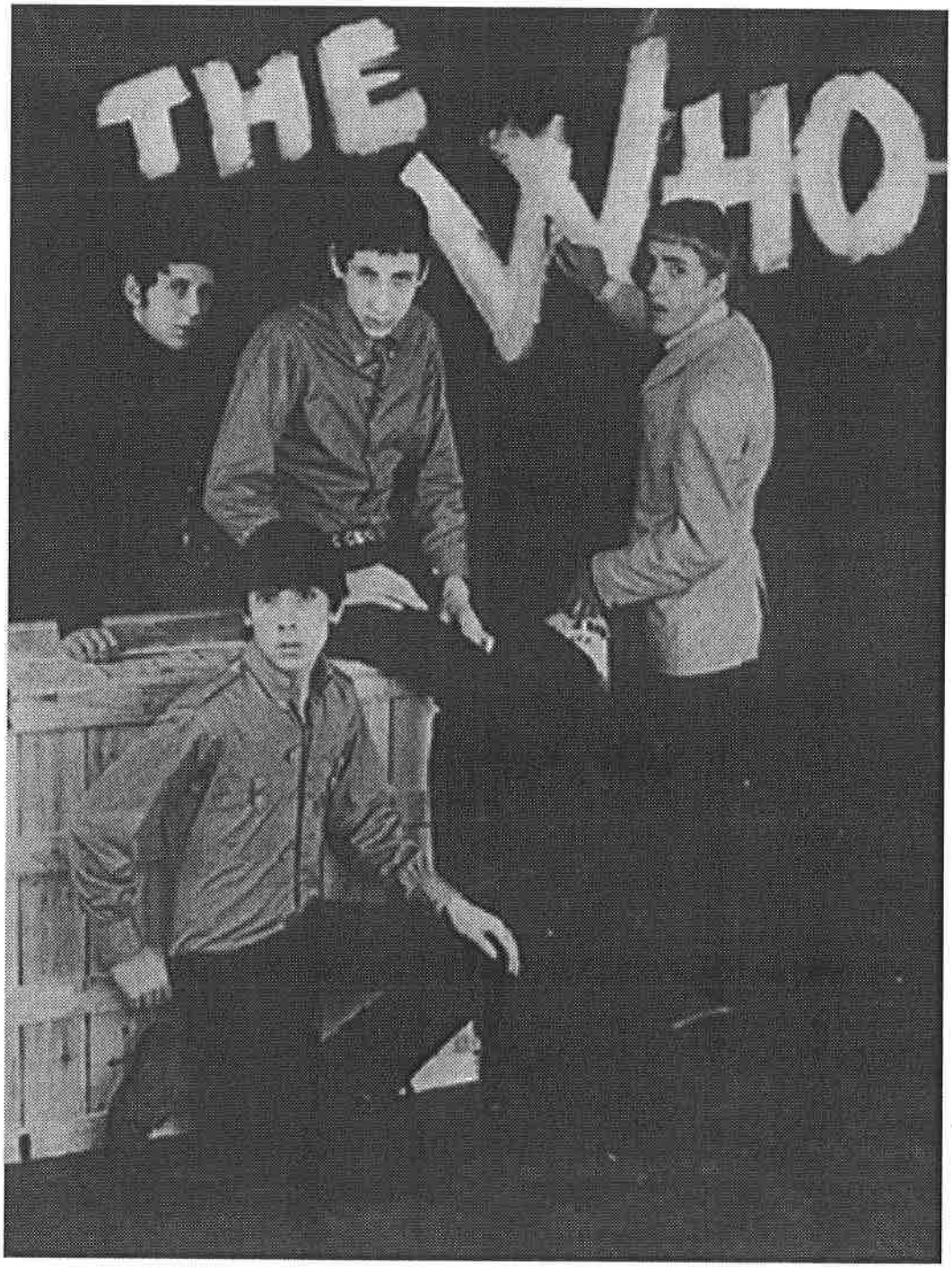

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